PS 635
.Z9
H478
Copy 1

PS635
.Z9H478

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

RICE,] [15 CENTS.

THE ACTING DRAMA.

No. 136.

MUOLO, THE MONKEY.

NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,
No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.

A Catalogue of Plays, giving the number of acts and characters, costumes and scenery, required, and time of representation of each, will be sent free to any address.

Arnold's Dutch Recitations and Readings. Price, 15 Cents.
The Amateur's Guide to Home Theatricals. Price, 25 Cents.
Arnold's Dialogues, Plays and Speeches. Price, 30 Cents.
How we Managed our Private Theatricals; or, A Guide to the Amateur Stage. Price, 25 Cents.
Parlor Tableaux; or, Animated Pictures. Price, 25 Cents.
Shadow Pantomimes; or, Harlequin in The Shade. Price, 25 Cents.

RECITERS, GUIDE BOOKS, ETC.

Actor's Art, The, Price ..... 15 cts.
Amateur's Guide, The, Price ..... 25 cts.
Arnold's Dialogues, Plays and Speeches, Price ..... 30 cts.
Arnold's Dutch Recitations and Readings, Price ..... 15 cts.
Art of Public Speaking, The, Price ..... 25 cts.
Darkey Plays, six parts, Price, per part ..... 30 cts.
Drawing Room Magic, Price ..... 30 cts.
Elocution Without a Master, Price ..... 15 cts.
Evening Entertainments, Price ..... 15 cts.
Hand-Book of Elocution and Oratory, Price ..... 30 cts.
Holiday Guest, The, Price ..... 10 cts.
How to Join a Circus, Price ..... 25 cts.
How we Managed Our Private Theatricals, Price ..... 25 cts.
Little Plays for Little People, Price ..... 30 cts.
McBride's Comic Speeches and Recitations, Price ..... 30 cts.
McBride's Humorous Dialogues, Price ..... 30 cts.
McBride's Temperance Dialogues, Price ..... 30 cts.
Minstrel Gags and End Men's Hand-Book, Price ..... 30 cts.
Parlor Amusements for the Young Folks, Price ..... 30 cts.
Parlor Tableaux, Price ..... 25 cts.
Plays for Young People, Price ..... 30 cts.
Punch and Judy, Price ..... 25 cts.
Shadow Pantomimes, Price ..... 25 cts.
Shakespeare Proverbs, Price ..... 25 cts.
Speechiana, Price ..... 30 cts.
Stump Speaker, The, Price ..... 15 cts.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, by

HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,

No. 5 Beekman Street, New York.

MUOLO, THE MONKEY;

OR,

THE MISSING LINK.

A FARCE,

In One Act,

BY

CHAS. E. HELM.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, DISPOSITIONS OF CHARACTERS, ETC., ETC.

17434

NEW YORK:
Copyright secured 1879, by
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,

No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.

PS635
.Z9H478

MUOLO, THE MONKEY;

OR,

THE MISSING LINK.

——:o:——

CHARACTERS.

MUOLO, *A Monkey, full of fun, who represents and furnishes "The Missing Link."*
GEORGE PALVERN, *A Noble-hearted Young Man.*
FRANK MALVERN, *His Particular Friend.*
UNCLE SANDS. *An Eccentric Individual.*
MORRIS GRIMES, *A Trecherous Lad.*
SIDNEY, *The Family Servant.*
AMY MALVERN, *An Heiress.*
MRS. MALVERN, *An Indulgent Mother.*
CARRIE LEE, *A Lillie Flirt.*
Policemen, Neighbors, &c.

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Table. Four chairs. Tea set. Table-cloth. Hand-bell. Duster. Loaf of bread. Silk hat. Long rope. Apples. Letter for GRIMES. Looking-glass, brush, and comb.

SCENE II.—Flowers.

SCENE III.—Seats. Grape vine. Flowers. Shade tree. Apples. Collar-box. Two newspapers. Spoons, knives, and forks. Old woolen shirt.

SCENERY.

SCENE I.—Dining, or Drawing-Room—door in flat—on third o fourth grooves (close in).

SCENE II.—Wood scene on second or third grooves (open out).

SCENE III.—Out-door scene. Garden cut wood wing on R. at third or fourth grooves. Cut rocks back at L. F. Grape-vine. Tree.

MUOLO, THE MONKEY;

OR,

THE MISSING LINK.

SCENE I.—*Dining-Room. Table set for lunch at* L.

UNCLE SANDS, MRS. MALVERN, *and* AMY *discovered seated at table, at rise of curtain.*

Amy. *(Laughing.)* Nonsense, Uncle Sands. *The idea!*

Sands. There, there! I compromise. Anything to—I assure you —to—to——

Mrs. M. Allow me to suggest a word? Keep peace in the family.

Sands. Yes, yes! I declare, I must be growing—growing——

Mrs. M. Once more allow me to suggest a word. *Old*—old, Uncle Sands. You are growing old.

Amy. Why, mamma, I am surprised at you. Uncle growing old? *Impossible!* *(Pats* SANDS *under the chin.)* No you are not growing old, dear—good—old—fellow. *(Aside.)* Now I have done it!

Sands. *(Laughing.)* Never mind, my dear Amy, your heart is right, and, like your good-for-nothing old uncle you will sometimes blunder. Let me see—blunder! Yes, that's the word. By the way, neighbor *George Palvern* has promised to call over this evening. (AMY *drops her cup.)* Now what have I done? Bless me, I forgot! Ha, ha, ha! Cnit, you need not blush; George is as fine a young man as walks the street. Indeed he is, and some day I hope to welcome him as an honored member of our family—yes, our family.

Mrs. M. Yes, George is a promising young man, and Amy, dear, you have my advice. Well, I need not repeat, "A bird in the hand," and so on.

Amy. Oh, dear, it is *so* strange to me. And you are all growing tired of my presence here?

Sands. No, no, pet, you mistake! You are a young lady now, and all young ladies get married—that is, I—well, it seems to me—I——

Mrs. M. Allow me to suggest a word, dear uncle. Nature intended all young ladies should marry. But nature is sometimes outwitted, and thus, you see, the market is overstocked with——

Sands. *(Getting up.)* My dear madam, allow me to—to suggest a word? Old maids! Yes, the market is overstocked with old maids. *(Walks* R.*)* But how about our men? They, too, grow old.

Mrs. M. *(Rising.)* Yes, uncle; but listen. Oh, for an illustration. Let me think.

Amy. *(Rising.)* I will give you one. Spring and Autumn. An old man of *seventy*—old Siles Sleek—to Miss Laura Kain, sweet sixteen. Ha, ha, ha! Beauty and the Beast. Auburn hair, winning ways, and a faultless form on one side. Upon the other, money, stilts in boots, and a skating-rink. Ha, ha, ha! An old man's darling. *(Exit* R., *laughing.*

Mrs. M. Amy, Amy! Well, did I ever!

Sands. Come, come, Amy is our girl, and I would not have her change for the world. I predict a happy future for her. Her tell-tale blushes convince me she has formed an attachment for George, and I only hope she may grow in grace, yes——

Mrs. M. Leave her alone, uncle, and all will end as it should.

(Steps to table, and rings bell.

Enter SIDNEY, R.

Mrs. M. Sidney, clear the table, and arrange the room, dust, and then report to me in the garden.

Sidney. *(Bowing.)* Yes, mam.

Mrs. M. Is everything in order? Are the seats arranged? Have you swept the walks?

Sidney. *(Bowing.)* Yes, mam.

Mrs. M. Come, uncle, let us walk. The evening air is cool, and then our company will soon arrive. (SANDS *offers arm*, MRS MALVERN *accepts. To* SIDNEY.) Mind now, chain Muolo in the East room. *(They exeunt* R.

Sidney. *(Laughing.)* Chain Muolo in de East room. Now how's I gwan to chain dat monkey when de debil hisself couldn't get hold of him? Well, *(scratches head)* if I's got to find 'im, I'll start now, 'case I don't know whar to look for him. Yes, I do, he's down in de orchard, up in de apple tree. I seed him dar not more dan an hour

ago. *(Starts* L., *stops.)* Well, dat's a fact, he war dar den, but whar am he now? Well, I'll go an' see, an' if I git him chained, he won't git loose any more dis day, now I tole you. *(Exit* L. *Music.*

MUOLO *looks in at* R.—*runs on—goes under table—springs on table—sits down—eats what he wants and throws balance on floor—sits up—looks round—scratches himself—jumps down—runs to chair,* R., *on which* SANDS *has left silk hat—he sits up in chair—examins hat—tries it on—knocks out the top—hears a noise—jumps down—gets his fore-arm and his leg through the hat, and in trying to get out, rolls over the stage—finally gets out—runs under table—looks out, and seeing no one, springs on table—hears a noise, and in jumping off table, gets table-cloth caught between his feet, and pulls dishes, table-cloth, and all off on floor—runs off,* R.

Enter SIDNEY, L.

Sidney. No yuse! I can't find dat infernal monkey. *(Looks round—whistles.)* Ho, ho! You's been here, has you? Now I hunted dat orchard over for dat rascal, an' while I war out dar lookin' for him, he war in here playin' de duce wid everything. Now dar's been more dishes broke here since that dog-blasted imp of mischief come here dan would stock a fust-class hotel. Fact, and no mistake. Can't see what Mars' Frank wants wid him anyway. Now how's I gwan to git dat monkey chained? Dat's de point. *(Studies.)* Know what I'll do. I'll play Mexican on him. I'll get a rope, an' I'll make a big loop, an' I'll lay some lunch on de floor, an' I'll lay de rope on de floor, an' when he sits down on de floor, I'll draw de rope, and when he puts his foot in de loop, I'll haul in de slack, an' den I's got you, Mr. Monkey. Yes, sir. *(Exit* L.

Re-enter SIDNEY, L., *with rope; he makes noose, lays it on floor, gets loaf of bread, and lays it inside the noose.*

Sidney. Now, I'll sit down here and go to sleep, an' he'll come in for some mischief, an' den I's got him.

(Sits down, yaps, gets sleepy, and finally goes to sleep—Music.

Enter MUOLO, R.—*looks round—goes to table—jumps on table—gets down—goes to loop—looks at it—circles round it—but won't go inside—tries to get bread outside of noose, and finally succeeds—carries it to table—jumps on table—eats, and throws bread at* SIDNEY—*gets down—takes rope in his mouth—goes round and round* SIDNEY, *thus tying him in chair—hears noise—whirls round several times—gets tangled in the rope—tries to get away, and in doing so, upsets* SIDNEY *—gets loose, and runs off,* R.

Sidney. Hole on dar! Help! Thieves! *(Looks around.)* What in de world am de matter wid me? *(Gets up, and out of rope—*

laughing.) Now I's a nice detective, I is. Now I sit down dar to trap dat monkey, and if I didn't go sound to sleep I'm a liar. No yuse, I can't catch dat four-legged fool no more dan I can fly.

(Puts cloth and dishes on table and carries them off, L.

Enter FRANK MALVERN *and* GEORGE PALVERN, C.

Frank. Come, George, be seated. I want to know more about that scrape at the Clique last night. You know I never go now.

(They sit down.

George. Well, Frank, nothing of moment transpired. Morris Grimes proposed a toast, but ere he could raise the glass to his lips, I slapped his face, that's all.

Frank. Ah, ha! And that's all, is it? Well, I should say it were enough! Grimes is an ugly customer, and I should not care to have in him an enemy. He never knows where to stop. You remember young Mason? Well, I am convinced to this day that Grimes shot him, and that, too, for a purpose.

George. Yes, and many others are of the same opinion. But proof was wanting, and he escaped. Morrow Mason was my own cousin, and, Frank, I have sworn to bring Grimes to punishment. I am sure he is guilty. The Jury returned "Not Guilty," the Coroner the verdict of "Accidental Shooting." *My* verdict will some time be "*Premeditated Murder.*"

Frank. But why would he commit this crime?

George. Aye, why? Admit that he did, the question arises, "Why did he do it?" My theory is this. I have studied until my heart was sick, and my brain reeled from the labor, and have finally hit upon the only clue possible.

Frank. You surprise me. Come, let me hear your opinion. It may be in my power to help you.

George. *No*, you cannot help me. There is a missing link in the chain of evidence; and God only knows where and what it is. But, remember, murder will out, and Morris Grimes will be no exception to the rule. But, my theory. My uncle, Harry Yates, has been striving to get the old home estate into his hands. Morrow Mason alone stood in his way. *He has been removed.* I have worked hard, and as the result, have found out some startling facts, which of themselves are not enough. One month previous to my cousin's death, Grimes drew five thousand dollars from the First National Bank—a draft, mind you, from my uncle—then my cousin dies by his hand. The Post-master can swear that letters passed through his hands from this place directed to Harry Yates, Little Bay Island; and that letters have been delivered to Grimes bearing in return my uncle's post-mark. This in itself, in my eyes, is enough to convict Grimes of murder; but it will not satisfy law. There is some evidence missing, and before Grimes can be brought to justice, the mysterious receipt of that five thousand dollars from my uncle must be made

known. Your sister Amy is my betrothed. He insulted her last night by speaking her name, consequently the result. Your mother has an evening party. He vowed to be present, and promenade with Amy.

Frank. And what does that signify. She might accept his arm for a promenade—nothing more. I am convinced that he is a rival; but, mind you, he has never met with one word of encouragement from sister Amy. She despises him. But you know the requirements of society?

MUOLO *enters* R., *with bonnet on, also linen duster—has an apple—he sits down* C., *and eats it—when done, throws part at* GEORGE—*runs off,* R.

George. *(Starting up.)* What was that?

Frank. *(Laughing.)* Only Muolo, my pet monkey. By the way, you have never seen him. He's a mischief, I tell you.

George. Where did you get him?

Frank. He was captured when quite small by one of the Indians and presented to me in Brazil, just as I was about returning from South America. You would laugh your sides sore to see the tricks he plays our darkey servant here. But, come, let us to the garden. I hear music and as it is growing late the guests, no doubt, have arrived. *(Rises.*

George. *(Rising.)* I will accompany you. But, first, promise me that Amy shall remain ignorant of the part I took in that affair last night? I would not have her feelings wounded.

Frank. Never fear. I shall not breathe a word. But, come!

(Exeunt, arm-in-arm, C.

Enter SIDNEY, *with duster; dusts chairs.*

Sidney. De music am come, an' de gals am come, an' I ain't done my work. I must hurry up, an' go out in de garden.

Enter MORRIS GRIMES, D.F., *with* CARRIE LEE *on his arm.*

Grimes. Ah, Sidney! Where is our host, Mr. Frank?

Sidney. Dey's all out in de garden. 'Low me to show you to deir presence.

Grimes. *(Disengaging arm.)* You will show this lady the way. *(To* CARRIE.) Miss Lee, excuse me for a short time. I will join you presently. My head aches, and I desire a few moments quiet!

Carrie. Certainly, Mr. Grimes. I will excuse you; but, remember, for a short time only.

Sidney. *(Bowing.)* Dis way, my lady, dis way.

(Exits C., *followed by* CARRIE.

Grimes. *(Looking after them.)* Confound that woman, say I. She's a regular flirt. She hangs to me like a leech. But I must

shake her. *(Sits down on a chair and puts his feet on another.)* I am in a sorry plight—up all night—my head aches ready to split. *(Yawns.)* Now that Amy is a nice girl—rich, too. I should not have made my appearance here this evening but for her. Hi, ho, ho, hum; thunder, but I'm drowsy! *(Takes letter out of his pocket, and looks cautiously around—opens it, and reads.)* "Little Bay Island, Dec. 3d., 1865. Mr. Morris Grimes. Dear Sir: Enclosed find draft on First National Bank for the amount due Morrow Mason. Should you draw this money, and by any strange circumstance misplace it, or should Morrow Mason fail to call for it—*you understand?* No! Let me be more explicit. Should Morrow Mason disappear—or die—I shall never call on you for this five thousand dollars, but shall be satisfied with the old home estate, as it must fall to me, being the only heir after young Mason. I warn you to burn this letter, and act as you see proper; only remember, Morrow Mason must disappear inside the next two months. 'Yours, in confidence, Harry Yates."

(Sits with his head bowed, the open letter in his hand—thinking.

Enter MUOLO, R., *with looking-glass, brush, and comb; he has the comb between his teeth. He sits down in front, and quietly arranges glass—combs and brushes his head.*

Grimes. Well, Harry Yates, I have placed the old estate in your possession. I have done a deed at which my guilty soul trembles. The Jury tried me, and failed to convict. It was an accident. My revolver went off, Morrow Mason happened to be standing in front of me, and received the contents in his heart. Good God, what strange fatality has caused me to keep this letter. Why did I not burn it?

(Bows his head in his right hand—the left hand still grasps the letter, which rests across his left knee. He drops the letter upon the floor. Music. MUOLO *seeing the letter, puts down glass, brush and comb, and quietly sneaks up—gets letter—returns—gets glass—puts comb between his teeth—takes up glass and brush, and clambers off* R.

Grimes. (Gets up, and walks to-and-fro.) Well, the die is cast, and now I must make the best of it. This letter must be destroyed. *(Feels in pocket.)* I will do it this very moment. *(Looks on floor—becomes excited.)* Where in the world have I put it? Good God, what does this mean? Am I going crazy?

Enter AMY MALVERN, C.

Amy. (Laughing.) Ah, Mr. Grimes, found at last. *(Looks out* C., *off* R.) Come, Carrie, come, I have found the truant.

Grimes. (Aside.) Curse my luck—curse the women. I am lost.

Enter CARRIE LEE, C.

Carrie. Well, did I ever! Now, Mr. Grimes, give an account of

yourself. Here I left you over half an hour ago, and here you remain. *(Approaching.)* See, Amy, did you ever see such a woe-begone expression on a man's face in your life? *(Laughing.)* You couldn't look more thoroughly horrified on the scaffold with the trap ready to fall. *(Laughing.*

Grimes. *(Aside.)* I suppose not. *(To Ladies.)* Ladies, you will excuse me, but this pain in my head has about deranged me. I——

Amy. Come to the garden, Mr. Grimes. The cool evening air will do wonders for your poor head, and then the music is *so* bewitching, I know all pain will leave you when once within the magic circle we have drawn. Come, Carrie, let us lead him captive. This is my birthday, Mr. Grimes, and all must go happy as a marriage-bell. (AMY *takes one arm, and* CARRIE *the other—They start* C.

Grimes. Forgive me. I *will* drive everything from my mind, and devote myself to the pleasures of the hour. Ladies, lead on, I am your prisoner.

Carrie. Come, then. *(Exeunt all, laughing,* C., *towards* R.

Enter GEORGE PALVERN, C., *from* L.

George. *(Looking after them, and clenching his fists.)* There they go. I have tried for the last half-hour to get near enough to Amy to request her to refuse a promenade with that villain. *(Turns.)* Well, I will abide my time; but, remember, Morris Grimes, I am on your track. *(Exits* C., *towards* L.

Enter MUOLO, *with letter in forepaw—he hops to door* C., *and peeps out—comes back and gets in chair—opens letter and looks over it—hears noise—jumps down—runs off* L. *Closed in.*

SCENE II.—*Wood Scene.*

Enter FRANK MALVERN *with* CARRIE LEE *on his arm,* R., *followed by* MORRIS GRIMES *and* AMY MALVERN,

Carrie. How lonely it seems here. The path is overgrown with trailing vines, while roses bloom on every bush.

Grimes. Indeed it is beautiful. A pleasant retreat at mid-day with the sun at its brightest.

Amy. Come, let us hasten. We have kindly performed our errand. The neighbor's girls will come, and as our music is the very best, a jolly time awaits us in the garden.

Frank. Stay, Amy. Be not too hasty. See those wild roses blooming over there to the left.

Carrie. Oh, I am dying for some of them.

Frank. I am your servant, madam. *(Bowing.)* Allow me to get them for you. *(Exit* S.E.R.

Amy. Come, Frank, make haste. Oh, dear! He won't be satisfied until he has gathered the last one.

Re-enter FRANK MALVERN, S.E.R., *with flowers, which he presents to* CARRIE.

Frank. (Bowing.) There, my lady, accept these poor roses as a token of the high esteem in which I regard your opinion. Roses red, and violets blue——

Amy. Who is a bigger fool than you. *(Laughing.*

Carrie. (Receiving roses.) You remind me of the young knight of whom I read a short time ago. His lady love requested he do battle for her hand—the one successful to claim a kiss.

Frank. Ah, then, am I entitled to a kiss?

Carrie. (Screams.) Stop, stop! I—I——

Amy. Carrie, dear, you should not draw such life-like pictures. But, come, let us hasten on. Mother may be vexed at our delay.

Carrie. Well, well! Come, gentlemen, let us follow the advice of our motherly young guardian, and hasten back. The night air is growing damp.

Amy. Carrie, you foolish girl, stop. *(They exeunt,* L., *laughing.*

SCENE III.—*Garden Scene. Seats* R., *and* L. *Cut wood wing* S.E.R., *or* T.E.R. *Grape vine swinging from* R., *near by. Setting of cut rocks,* U.E.L. *Flowers, &c. Shade tree near* C., *with a broken limb half-way up, which is hollow. Music.*

Enter UNCLE SANDS, R., *with* MRS. MALVERN *on his arm—they come down stage and take their places, facing each other;* MRS. MALVERN *to the* R., UNCLE SANDS *to the* L.—*next,* GEORGE PALVERN *and* AMY MALVERN, *who take their places—next,* MORRIS GRIMES *and* CARRIE LEE—*next,* FRANK MALVERN *and Neighbor's Girl—next* SIDNEY, *who busies himself in getting in everybody's way. They dance. After a sufficient length of time——*

Enter MUOLO, *on rocks—he sits down, and looks on—gets tired, and breaks up the dance by throwing apples at the party.*

Sands. Confound that monkey.

Mrs. M. Sidney, what does this mean? Why did you not lock that monkey up, as I requested?

Sidney. (Bowing.) Didn't I try to, an' didn't he go off an' hide? No yuse tryin' to catch him. He won't be caught by me. Dar ain't

nuffin mean enough for dat monkey to do to me. 'Spect to wake up some mornin' an' find my frote cut, yes, mam.

Mrs. M. Frank, my boy, go and speak to him. You are the only one about the place that has any control over him.

Frank. I will do so, mother. I doubt whether it will do any good. At times he is ungovernable, and, if I mistake not, he is in one of these moods now. *(Goes up.)* Muolo, Muolo, go away now. (MUOLO *stands up, and chatters angrily—pelts* FRANK *with apples—gets down, and runs off,* U.E,R.) No use trying to manage him now.

(Returns to company—They are all seated—Exit SIDNEY, R.

Re-enter SIDNEY, R., *with wine, which he passes around.*

Frank. Muolo possesses something within his composition hard for me to define. Were he human, I should call him shrewd, penetrating, He would make a good detective. His is love at first sight. Should he take a dislike to any one nothing can afterwards change him.

Sands. No. I believe you, my boy. Many is the cuff he's given me. Why, I dare not leave my paper on the table a single moment. He's the greatest thief I ever saw.

Sidney. (Aside.) Dat's a fact. Dis yer is de only shirt I's got to my name. He steals everything on de clothes-line. *Fact.*

Grimes. (Aside, clenching his hands.) My letter!

Amy. (Laughing.) Poor Muolo! He will sometimes come out here when I am seated reading, and curl down at my feet, and go to sleep. (MUOLO *appears on grape-vine—swings.)* There he is now. Brother Frank, a wager with you.

(Soft music from behind scene until close of Scene.

Frank. Well, what is it?

Amy. You say he is unmanageable to-day.

Frank. I think he is. *(Rises.)* Let me try him once more. *(To* MUOLO.) Muolo, come, come down. (MUOLO *refuses, and chatters back—swings away.)* I give it up. *(Sits down.*

Amy. A wager, Frank. He will mind me.

Frank. All right. A new silk gown if he does.

Amy. (Rising.) Remain quiet, and I will see what my influence is over him. *(Steps forward—To* MUOLO.) Muolo, Muolo.

(MUOLO *stops swinging—descends a few feet and goes back.*

Frank. (Laughing.) Try again, Amy.

Amy. I haven't lost my wager yet. He will come down. He is afraid of you. *(Advances to* L.—*To* MUOLO.) Come, Muolo, come. *(Holds up apple.* MUOLO *stops swinging—descends a few feet—looks at the party.* SIDNEY *advances down stage.* MUOLO *goes back. All laugh.)* Too provoking. Now, Sidney, go away. You know he doesn't like you one bit.

Sidney. Dat's a fact. You's right, Miss Amy. *(Retires up stage.*

Amy. One more trial. *(To* MUOLO.) Come, Muolo, come. (MUOLO *descends a few feet—looks around, and then comes slowly*

down—runs over to AMY—*reaches up and takes apple—squats down and eats it—looks at party—is uneasy.)* Touch me, who dare.

Grimes. *(Starting forward.)* I will!

(MUOLO *throws away apple, and starts towards* GRIMES, *chattering savagely.*

Frank. *(Starting up.)* *Grimes,* come back here. He will scratch your eyes out. *(All rise to their feet.* GRIMES *retreats.*

Amy. Who's victorious now?

(Retires up stage. MUOLO *watches his chance, and climbs tree.*

Frank. Remain quiet. Let us see what he is up to. Do you see that hole in the broken limb? Well, that is his store-house. When he steals anything he climbs up there and pokes it in the hollow tree. (MUOLO *puts forearm into hole.)* Be quiet.

Sidney. *(Aside.)* Bet two dollars he's poked my shirt in dar. (MUOLO *pulls out box of collars—drops them.)* Thar, Massa Frank. is de box ob collars you 'spect I levied on.

(MUOLO *drops two or three newspapers.*

Sands. Ah, you rascal, that's where you hide my newspapers, is it? (MUOLO *throws down spoons, knives and forks.*

Mrs. M. Astonishing! Why, you thief, you—been stealing my silverware.

Sidney. Say, Missus, better change de monkey's name.

Sands. What would you suggest, Sidney?

Sidney. *Ben Butler!* (MUOLO *throws down* SIDNEY'S *shirt.)* Didn't I tole you so.

(MUOLO *now reaches in—gets apple in one hand, and takes out letter with the other—sits down and eats apple.*

Grimes. *(Aside.)* *My letter!*

(Starts forward. GEORGE *motions to* AMY, *points to letter, then at* GRIMES.

Amy. *(Moves over to* L., *down stage. To* MUOLO.) Come, Muolo, come. Let me read your letter for you.

Grimes. No, for heaven's sake, no. It is of no value. The rascal stole it from me.

(GEORGE *moves quietly over by* GRIMES. MUOLO *looks around—climbs down, with letter in his mouth.* GRIMES *springs forward to get the letter.* AMY *picks up letter.* GEORGE *relieves her of it.* MUOLO *and* GRIMES *roll over the floor—the monkey chattering.*

Grimes. Take him away. Take him off! *(All start to help* GRIMES.

George. *(Holding up letter.)* Frank—hold! *(Glances over letter. Motions* SIDNEY, *who approaches, and whispers in his ear—*SIDNEY *goes quietly off,* L. *Turns to* AMY.) My dear Amy, I have a favor to ask of you.

Amy. And that is? *(Looking at* GRIMES *and* MUOLO.

George. Release that villain from the claws of the monkey.

Amy. Come, Muolo, come.

(MUOLO *goes over to* AMY, *who pats him.*

Grimes. *(Getting up.)* The letter!

George. It is safe!

Enter SIDNEY, L., *followed by two Policemen.*

George. *(Pointing to* GRIMES.) There is your man. Arrest him and see that he does not escape.

First Policeman. Of what is he accused?

George. *Of murder!*

All. *Murder!* *(Policemen take their places beside* GRIMES.

George. Yes! There stands the murderer of my cousin, Morrow Mason; and here is the evidence—the missing link. Frank, my boy, take this letter and read it aloud. I am weak as water.

(FRANK *takes letter, opens it out, and reads.* GEORGE *goes to the side of* AMY, *kisses her hand, and falls on one knee beside* MUOLO, *resting his head in his hand.* AMY *strokes* MUOLO *during the reading of the letter.*

Frank. *(Reading.)* "Little Bay Island, Dec. 3d., 1865. Mr. Morris Grimes. Dear Sir: Enclosed find draft on First National Bank for the amount due Morrow Mason. Should you draw this money, and by any strange circumstance misplace it, or should Morrow Mason fail to call for it—*you understand?* No! Let me be more explicit. Should Morrow Mason disappear—or die—I shall never call on you for this five thousand dollars, but shall be satisfied with the old home estate, as it must fall to me, being the only heir after young Mason. I warn you to burn this letter, and act as you see proper; only remember, Morrow Mason must disappear inside the next two months. Yours, in confidence, Harry Yates."

George. *(Getting up.)* Morris Grimes, you have been at last outwitted. The eye of God has been upon you; and after months of hard labor I have been successful in bringing home to you this awful crime. Murder has found you out, and as you go forth to your trial, then to your doom, look back over this scene, and deny, if you dare, the evidence, and your just penalty according to law. *(Takes letter from* FRANK.) To Muolo we all acknowledge a lasting debt. (AMY *takes his arm.)* And, Frank, as my Amy here has such control over him, I have but one favor to ask.

Frank. I understand. You shall have him.

George. Thanks! *(Coming down stage.)*—

And now, dear friends, our task is done,
We pause upon the awful brink,
Thanks to "Muolo" we have won
The broken chain—"The Missing Link."

(MUOLO *climbs tree—sits quietly looking down on group till drop of curtain.*

CURTAIN.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

1 Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.
2 The Loves of Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue.
3 Little Silver Hair and the Three Bears.
4 Robin Hood; or, the Merry Men of Sherwood Forest.
5 Little Red Riding Hood.
6 The Frog Prince.
7 Blue Beard; or, Female Curiosity.
8 Jack, the Giant Killer.
9 Two Gentlemen at Mivarts
10 Dark Deeds.
11 Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure.
12 Wearing of the Green.
13 The Result of a Nap.
14 Monsieur Pierre.
15 Virtue Victorious.
16 Love (Burlesque).
17 Afloat and Ashore.
18 Tragedy Transmogrified.
19 Fairy Freaks.
20 A Medical Man.
21 Harlequin Little Red Riding Hood.
22 Fireside Diplomacy.
23 Ingomar (Burlesque).
24 Money Makes the Man.
25 The Happy Dispatch.
26 An Eligible Situation.
27 The Pet Lamb.
28 The Last Lily.
29 The Three Temptations.
30 Katharine and Petruchio (Burlesque).
31 His First Brief.
32 The Girls of the Period.
33 Matched but not Mated.
34 Penelope Anne.
35 A Woman will be a Woman.
36 Caught in His own Toils.
37 Cousin Florence.
38 Lucy's Love Lesson.
39 A Game of Billiards.
40 The Wrong Bottle.
41 A Lyrical Lover.
42 A Bad Temper.
43 Women's Rights.
44 Mischievous Bob.
45 A Pint of Ale.
46 The Last Drop.
47 The Wine Cup.
48 Out in the Streets.
49 Mothers and Fathers.
50 Taken In and Done For.
51 All's Fair in Love and War
52 Dross from Gold.
53 Aunt Jerusha's Visit.
54 The Village Belle.
55 Lord Dundreary's Visit.
56 My Peter.
57 The Cream of Love.
58 The Babes in the Wood.
59 Closing of the "Eagle."
60 Don't Marry a Drunkard to Reform Him.
61 Furnished Apartments.
62 The Harvest Storm.
63 Maud's Command.
64 Out of the Depths.
65 The Poisoned Darkies.
66 Ralph Coleman's Reformation.
67 Slighted Treasures.

THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

1 Robert Make-Airs.
2 Box and Cox.
3 Mazeppa.
4 United States Mail.
5 The Coopers.
6 Old Dad's Cabin.
7 The Rival Lovers.
8 The Sham Doctor.
9 Jolly Millers.
10 Villikins and his Dinah.
11 The Quack Doctor.
12 The Mystic Spell.
13 The Black Statue.
14 Uncle Jeff.
15 The Mischievous Nigger.
16 The Black Shoemaker.
17 The Magic Penny.
18 The Wreck.
19 Oh Hush; or, The Virginny Cupids.
20 The Portrait Painter.
21 The Hop of Fashion.
22 Bone Squash,
23 The Virginia Mummy.
24 Thieves at the Mill.
25 Comedy of Errors.
26 Les Miserables.
27 New Year's Calls.
28 Troublesome Servant.
29 Great Arrival.
30 Rooms to Let.
31 Black Crook Burlesque.
32 Ticket Taker.
33 Hypochondriac.
34 William Tell.
35 Rose Dale.
36 Feast.
37 Fenian Spy.
38 Jack's the Lad.
39 Othello.
40 Camille.
41 Nobody's Son.
42 Sports on a Lark.
43 Actor and Singer.
44 Shylock.
45 Quarrelsome Servants.
46 Haunted House.
47 No Cure, No Pay.
48 Fighting for the Union.
49 Hamlet the Dainty.
50 Corsican Twins.
51 Deaf—in a Horn.
52 Challenge Dance.
53 De Trouble begins at Nine
54 Scenes at Gurney's.
55 16,000 Years Ago.
56 Stage-struck Darkey.
57 Black Mail [Clothes.
58 Highest Price for Old
59 Howls from the Owl Train
60 Old Hunks.
61 The Three Black Smiths.
62 Turkeys in Season.
63 Juba.
64 A Night wid Brudder Bones
65 Dixie.
66 King Cuffee.
67 Old Zip Coon.
68 Cooney in de Hollow.
69 Porgy Joe.
70 Gallus Jake.
71 De Coon Hunt.
72 Don Cato.
73 Sambo's Return.
74 Under de Kerosene.
75 Mysterious Stranger.
76 De Debbil and Dr. Faustum.
77 De Old Gum Game.
78 Hunk's Wedding Day.
79 De Octoroon.
80 De Old Kentucky Home.
81 Lucinda's Wedding.
82 Mumbo Jum.
83 De Creole Ball.
84 Mishaps of Cæsar Crum.
85 Pete's Luck.
86 Pete and Ephraim.
87 Jube Hawkins.
88 De Darkey's Dream.
89 Chris Johnson.
90 Scipio Africanus.
91 De Ghost ob Bone Squash
92 De Darkey Tragedian.
93 Possum Fat.
94 Dat Same Ole Coon.
95 Popsey Dean.
96 De Rival Mokes.
97 Uncle Tom.
98 Desdemonum.
99 Up Head. [puncas.
100 De Maid ob de Hunk-
101 De Trail ob Blood.
102 De Debbil and de Maiden
103 De Cream ob Tenors.
104 Old Uncle Billy.
105 An Elephant on Ice.
106 A Manager in a Fix.
107 Bones at a Raffle.
108 Aunty Chloe.
109 Dancing Mad.
110 Julianna Johnson.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, by

HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,

No. 5 Beekman Street, New York.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 400 609 A

THE ACTING DR

PRICE 15 CENTS EAC

1 Single Life.
2 Boarding School.
3 The Spitfire.
4 Irish Dragoon.
5 School for Tigers.
6 Gabrielle de Belle Isle.
7 Tipperary Legacy.
8 Deeds of Dreadful Note.
9 A Peculiar Position.
10 A Private Inquiry.
11 I'll Tell Your Wife.
12 Fast Family.
13 Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled.
14 My Friend in the Straps.
15 School for Scheming (Love and Money).
16 Our Mary Anne.
17 Miseries of Human Life.
18 An Irish Engagement.
19 How to Settle Accounts With Your Laundress.
20 Advice Gratis.
21 A Hasty Conclusion.
22 Weak Points.
23 Grace Darling.
24 A Gray Mare.
25 Middle Temple.
26 The Original.
27 The Sentinel.
28 Tiger at Large.
29 Why Did You Die?
30 Sayings and Doings.
31 Twin Brothers.
32 Ask no Questions.
33 Cure for Coquettes.
34 Cabin Boy.
35 Who Stole the Spoons?
36 Mrs. Gamps Tea and Turn
37 Village Doctor. [Out.
38 Family Pride.
39 Queen Mary.
40 Three Grocers.
41 Race Ball.
42 Presented at Court.
43 A Sign of Affection.
44 Dancing Barber.
45 Who's Your Friend?
46 Charity.
47 Wicked World. [ing Well
48 Mother and Child are Do-
49 Lying in Ordinary.
50 The Ringdoves.
51 Camille
52 Lady Clancarty.
53 Ten Nights in a Bar-Room
54 Drunkard's Warning.
55 Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life.
56 Fruits of the Wine Cup.
57 Aunt Dinah's Pledge.
58 Yankee Peddler.
59 Vermont Wool Dealer.
60 Persecuted Dutchman.
61 Stage-Struck Yankee.
62 The Limerick Boy(Paddy Miles Boy .
63 Drunkard's Home.
64 Bachelor's Bed-Room.
65 Perfection(The Cork Leg).
66 More Blunders Than One.
67 Whisky Fiend.
68 Quite at Home.
69 Sir Dagobert and the
70 Putting on Airs. [Dragon.
71 A Slight Mistake.
72 Patches and Powder.
73 To Let, Furnished.
74 The Lost Heir.
75 Is the Man Mad?
76 A Trip to Cambridge.
77 Twenty and Forty.
78 Hob-Nobbing.
79 The Great Eastern.
80 Three Guesses.
81 Getting up in the World.
82 Wardrobe.
83 Generous Jew.
84 A Crumpled Rose Leaf.
85 Wild Flowers. [Ladies.
86 Don't All Speak At Once,
87 Woman Nature Will Out.
88 Aunt Betsy's Beaux.
89 Child of Circumstances.
90 Women's Club.
91 Shamrock.
92 The Changelings.
93 Society for doing good but Saying Bad.
94 Matrimony.
95 Refinement.
96 Master-piece.
97 Frenchman.
98 Punch and Judy.
99 My Precious Betsy.
100 Woman of the World.
101 Rob the Hermit.
102 Love Master, Love Man.
103 Inhuman.
104 Champaigne.
105 H. M. S. Pinafore.
106 Family Pictures.
107 Prison and Palace.
108 The Bailiff's Daughter.
109 La Cigale.
110 Broken Promises.
111 The Broken Seal.
112 Betsy's Profile.
113 Going Through Him.
114 Male and Female.
115 Thoughts before Marriage
116 Diplomacy.
117 Our Professor.
118 Hurrah for Paris.
119 Tittlebat a Father.
120 Cross Purposes.
121 Love to Music.
122 Carried by Assault.
123 The Locked Door.
124 Those "Cussed" Waves.
125 Masquerading for Two.
126 The Love Flower.
127 Oh, My Uncle!
128 The Dawn of Love.
129 Juliet's Love Letter.
130 Bric-a-Brac.
131 A Cousin to Them All.
132 The Wanderer's Return.
133 Uncle Jack.
134 The Married Widows.
135 Foresight; or, My Daughter's Dowry.
136 Muolo the Monkey.
137 Too Windy for an Umbrella.
138 Beauty and the Beast.
139 Cinderella.
140 Rosebud; or, the Sleeping Beauty.
141 The Princess.
142 Rumplestiltskin.
143 Skinflint.
144 One Must Marry.

THE VARIETY STAGE.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

1 The Big Banana.
2 Dot Mad Tog.
3 A Gay Old Man Am I.
4 The Law Allows it.
5 A Leedle Misdake.
6 The Spelling Match.
7 There's Millions In It.
8 Tootle, Tootle, Too!
9 Dot Madrimonial Advertisement.
10 Mulcahy's Cat.
11 Dot Quied Lotgings.
12 All in der Family.
13 Who Got the Pig?
14 A Mad Astronomer.
15 A Purty Shure Cure.
16 I Love Your Wife.
17 The Ould Man's Coat tails.
18 The Decree of Divorce.
19 Let Those Laugh Who Win.
20 A Dark Noight's Business.
21 The Lonely Polywog of the Mill Pond.
22 The Dutchman in Ireland.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, by

HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,

No. 5 Beekman Street, New York.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 400 609 A